A N

ELEGY

ON THE

DEATH

OF THE

Old East-India Company;

Who Died of a Wound ſhe receiv'd from a *PATENT*, value *Two Millions.*

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The Preface.

AS the following Poem is likely to give offence to ſome Gentlemen who are concern'd in it, ſo they may make enquiry perhaps after the reaſons which perſwaded me to attempt it: for no perſon, who has an Ounce of Brains but will conclude from my Poetry, that I have ſubſcrib'd no Thouſands to the Engliſh Company, and will take it for granted that I ſhould ſcarce traffick in Metre, had I wherewithal to trade in a more valuable Commodity. Therefore to make 'em ſomething of amends for the diſpleaſure I may have created, I ſhall acquaint the Reader, that as I have no Intereſt in the Succeſs of the New Company, but what every Engliſhman, who has a love for his Country, ſhould have, ſo I have no occaſion to write out of Envy to the Old, whoſe ill management has brought 'em to ſuch a low condition as rather to deſerve my Pity. The deſigns of ſome, and the practices of others, are Arguments ſufficient to prevail with the Reader to excuſe me in the Satyrical Part; and I have no bodies pardon to ask for my defaults in the Pangyrical, but thoſe Gentlemen's whoſe Characters I have fail'd in. To give being to an eſtabliſhment which was thought impracticable by the mighty oppoſition which was made againſt it, to raiſe Two Millions almoſt in Two Days, after a long and expenſive War; to give ſo large an aſſiſtance to the Prince without burthening the Subject, are Actions deſerving the utmoſt acknowledgments of the preſent Age, as they will engroſs the Wonder of thoſe which are to come; and I ſhould have dwell'd longer on ſo agreeable a Subject, and made more particular mention of the ſeveral Patriots concern'd in it, had I not been confin'd within certain Limits, and aſſur'd it would be as well taken without. I could have almoſt wiſh'd I had ſaid nothing in particular of the two Gentlemen whoſe Names I have made bold with, having ſince heard of their Averſion to things of that na-

ture. To do good I am given to understand is their particular qualification, without being willing to be told of it, and their Vertues are communicative enough of themselves, without the intermediate conveyance of a Muse; but they must excuse me if I propose that to the Veneration of others, which I pay the greatest deference to, my self, and shew what the Force of such uncommon Excellencies is, when I cannot forbear the recital of 'em, tho I am forewarn'd it will be displeasing to them. The Characters I have injur'd Them in, may give the Reader an insight into the Vertues of the rest of the Honourable Directors, who are Co-Partners with 'em in the same Undertaking; And one of the Reasons I had for making use of their Names, besides the many others, is because they were Candidates for Members of Parliament for this City; whose Majority I believe by this time will agree with me, that they would have had fewer Grievances to be redress'd, in relation to Trade, had these attain'd to that Dignity which they ought to have courted 'em to. But tho the Old Company has got the Advantage of the New, in having the Citizens make choice of their Members, yet the New has outwitted the Old in prevailing for the greatest Majority; And the Leaden-hall Society would give the World occasion to think more favourably of their Intellects, if instead of Caballing against 'em, they would enter into a Joint Stock with 'em, and prefer an amicable Agreement before Bills in Parliament, which so pitiful a diversion as a Tyger-Baiting, can render ineffectual. But I begin to take the business of a Politician upon me, when the Reader has reason to suspect I have employment enough on my hands to shew my self a Poet. I shall therefore let him loose to his Sentiments, and acquaint him, that tho the Conduct of the Poem may not please him, I have all the satisfaction imaginable as to the Subject which occasion'd it, and shall have no reason to find fault with the success of it, if it has but an Entertainment from their hands, whose diversion it's design'd for.

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Who died of a Wound she receiv'd from a *PATENT*, value *Two Millions.*

FAte has prevail'd, and cross'd 'em in their labours,
And *Leaden-Hall* must lose her *Leaden Neighbours.*
Their Gums, their Silks, their Muslins, & their Spices
Cannot revoke what's owing to their Vices:
Nor the rich *Tavistock* with all her lading
Make up their Breaches, or support their Trading,
Which bends its head, and yeilding to declension
Defies their *Advocates* sublime invention,
To find out *Ways* to make Grim Death forbear 'em,
Tho skill'd in matters *Legum Romanarum*:
Or from his dusky *Codes* and *Digests*, tell 'em
How to prevent the Mischiefs which befell 'em.
The *Gown* was ready, and the learn'd *Civilian*
Thought of no lesser Gains than half a Million;

For ſure, to teach a ſooty thick-ſcull'd Prince,
And beat into his head both *Law* and *Senſe*,
Should make his *Sun-burn'd Majeſty* be Grateful,
And fill his *Pockets*, who had fill'd his *Pate* full.
His *Penſion* too was fix'd, and promiſe made him,
When e're they had the mony, 't ſhould be *paid* him;
VVhich made folks think (and reaſon good) he'd ne'r
Have *Engliſh Coin* for taking *Indian Air*.
For I muſt ask, and crave the *Doctor*'s Mercy,
Tho he has made a very *Witch* of *Circe*,
If I believe, and ſtand to my Poſition,
That his *Sagacious* VVorſhip's no *Magician*:
Nor could he (tho I muſt his *Knowledge* own)
Make thoſe to *pay* him mony who had *none*.

'But lo! damn'd Fortune, worſe than *Neſmond's*
Shipping,
VVho often times had ſet 'em all a *weeping*,
And made wiſe *Governour*, and learn'd Directors,
Curſe Adm'ralty for being ſuch Neglecters,
To let that bold, ungracious, *Popiſh* Marquis,
Not only *gut* their *Ships*, but take their *Carkaſs*:
She, ſhe, I ſay, a moſt perfidious Trull,
Unwilling that *Mahometan Mogul*
Should have a *Lawyer* for his *Tutor*, brought
Things ſo about, that matters came to nought;
And the *fine* Robe which he was to appear in,
To make his *learned Speech*, and get a *Hearing*,
Was laid aſide, to let this *Truth* be known,
That tho he did *not go*, he *would have gone*.
Tho moſt imagine the next *Sale* will tell
(If e're they ſhould have *Goods* again to ſell)
How it *went off*: for ſhould they give their Votes
To keep the *Gown*, they e'en muſt ſell their *Coats*.

But Muſe, take heed of *Scandal*, and forbear;
Some of theſe men have *ſlept* within the *Chair*;
Have *cough'd* in *Fur*, and have on *Cuſtards* fed,
When thou, perhaps, haſt made a *Meal* of Bread;
Their Chiefs are *Aldermen*, their Rulers *Knighted*,
And their ſwoln bags forbid 'em to be ſlighted.
Their *Wives* are *modeſt*, and their *Daughters fair*,
Or thou at leaſt muſt wiſely ſay they are;
Their *Husbands active*, and their *Fathers ſound*,
If thou would'ſt have no *Bill againſt thee found:*
For ev'n *Sir Bartholomew's*, nor *Northey's* Wit
Can ſave a *Poet* from an *angry Cit.*

Yet thou may'ſt ſing what they *have been*, and *dare*
Ev'n to diſcloſe, and tell us what they *are:*
How in their great *Fore-fathers* deeds they ſhine,
How in their *Own* they falter and decline:
As thoſe *gave birth* to that which theſe *deſtroy*,
And make that Trade our *grief*, which was their *Joy:*
Oh! had theſe trod the Paths which *thoſe* purſu'd,
Neglecting *private* Ends for *publick* Good,
Ganges had ſtill her ſhining Treaſures ſent,
And *Nile* renew'd what by the *Thames* was ſpent!
But Prayers are fruitleſs, and Petitions vain,
Where *Avarice*, and *want of Judgment* Reign;
Where upright dealings yeild to baſe deſigns,
And Fraud with *Ignorance* conſents and joyns;
Britannia ſees her *Thames* his wealth reſide
In *Belgick* Lands, and in the *Texel* ride,
As *Her* induſtrious Sons purſue their Toil,
And *perfect* that which *Hers* had learn'd to *ſpoil.*

Such wrongs as theſe, and ſuch abuſes, made
England almoſt unknown to *England's* Trade,

And call'd for help, which few could give, but those
VVho caus'd her *fall*, and by her *falling rose*.
Yet some there were (and sure *Augusta* must
Have some amongst her Sons both Rich and Just)
VVhose wealth, whose goodness, and vvhose vvisdom
strove
To make their *Deeds* co-equal vvith their *Love*,
And put in practice vvhat before vvas brought
To its *full* time, and *labour'd* in their thought.
VVith Grief they saw, and studied to reclaim
A *Traffick* which had almost lost its Name,
As it had thro its *Rulers* fingers run,
Sunk from *Seven Hundred* down to *Forty One*.
But hovv could *Art*, or healing *Medicines* give
Assistance to those Men who *would not* live?
Their *blood* was *tainted*, and th' infectious part
Had seiz'd their *Vitals*, and had storm'd their heart;
Yet deaf to Counsels, and in Fancy strong,
They fed themselves with hopes of living long,
Refus'd their proffers to dislodge the Guest
Which had enthron'd it self within their breast,
And hugg'd their pangs, unknowing of the Cheat,
Till *Life* had quitted its *Imperial Seat*.
Thus the *Consumptive Patient*, tho he pines,
And in all Eyes but in his *own* declines,
Buoys up himself with *Life*, and will not hear,
That *Death* approaches, and his End is near.
In vain the learn'd Physician tells his state,
And warns him of the certainty of Fate:
He boasts of *Strength*, and *flatters* his Disease,
Which pulls *unseen*, and bends him by degrees,
Till Death comes on him, petulant and weak,
And *snaps* that thread he thought she could not *break*.

But as the *Deluge* whoſe avengeful Rage
Nor Mountains ſtopp'd, nor Valleys could aſſwage,
Tho it advanc'd its Head o're Hills and Woods,
Which *Man* had climb'd for ſhelter from its floods,
Yet *Man* deſtroy'd, whoſe ſinful Race had err'd,
(was ſpar'd,
Heav'n bad the Waves withdraw, and *EARTH*
To be re-peopled, and with Natives fill'd,
Who what they *ſinn'd upon*, manur'd and till'd.
So tho the *Traders* were deceas'd, the Trade
By which they fell, was not ſo much decay'd,
But skillful hands might raiſe her, and might give
Such help as midſt her Ruins ſhe might live.

This was the State in which the Wretch was left,
Of all things but the ſigns of Life bereft.
Stripp'd and diveſted on the Ground ſhe laid,
Loſt to her hopes, and to the Name of Trade;
When Heav'n, who Succour to th' afflicted ſends,
And gives 'em various helps, for various Ends,
Rais'd her Deliv'rers, and Aſſiſtants gave,
Who ſhould *advance* what they were ſent to *ſave:*
The Rich Man's *Treaſure*, and the wiſe Man's *Senſe*
United, and appear'd in Her Defence:
And what the *City* by her Sons had mov'd,
The *Senate* and conſenting *Court* approv'd.

Bold were their Thoughts, and daring to ſurprize,
Who firſt adventur'd in her Cauſe to riſe,
Who tempted Fate, and ev'ry hazard run,
To *perfect* what we could not think *begun.*
Dangers they ſhew'd themſelves, and threatning ills
Withſtood their Labours, and oppos'd their skills;

But what were ills or dangers to diſſwade
Minds reſolute for Means to give her Aid?
They heard the pains the mournful wretch endur'd,
And *wept*, and *came*, and *ſaw*, and ſhe was cur'd.
And now the Dame eſtabliſh'd in her health,
Enjoy's her former Greatneſs, and her VVealth:
Strong are her Nerves, and wholſome is her Blood,
Which ſwells, and bears around the purple flood,
As ſtrength returns to its deſerted Poſt,
And fills that Seat again which it had loſt.
Courted by *Plenty* ſee her Navies ride,
VVhilſt Royal Fleets *ſubmit* to be their Guide,
And *Nereus* gives attendance through the Main,
His Song foretelling their return and gain!
How *pros'perous Gales* ſhall drive 'em through the deep,
And *Neptune* ſave whom he was charg'd to keep.
How they ſhall India's harbours ſafely reach
And her aſtoniſh'd Sons ſhall croud the breach,
So ſee 'em land the Patriot on the Shore,
Sent to give Peace, and Friendſhip to reſtore,
VVhich Minds injurious to the Publick broke,
Diſdaining conſcience, and its Sacred Yoak.
How the fam'd Prince whoſe pow'rfull Scepter ſways
Where e'er the Eaſtern Sun extends its *Rays*,
Shall riſe with joy and Run to his Embrace,
Reading his Maſter's Honours in his Face,
As *He* with freſh Endearments Treats his gueſt,
And makes the *grant* precede his juſt *requeſt*,
Preventing what he'll *aſk*, by what he'll *give*,
His Task too great, if only to *receive*.
Indians and *Engliſh* both alike ſhall ſhare
The Monarchs Favour, and employ his care,
And *Britain's* wiſe Embaſſador obtain
Not only leave to *Trade* but almoſt *reign*.

Commerce

Commerce ſhall ſpread it ſelf along the Coaſt,
And *Norris* ſhall regain what *Child* had loſt.
Theſe are the Truths the Tunefull God reveals,
And this the Man for whom he raptures feels.
Whoſe ſingle worth might Challenge all our lays
And ever give employment to our Praiſe,
Should Numbers follow, or ſhould verſe purſue
The deeds which he has done and yet ſhall do.
But if he claims our wonder and eſteem,
VVhat ſhould they have who made his worth our Theme?
VVho ſent him forth to be the Muſe's care,
And to provoke her praiſe, and urge her Pray'r?
Shepherd, to Thee her earlieſt vows belong,
To Thee her tender'ſt wiſhes and her ſong,
Thy *Wealth* provided, and thy *Counſels* gave
Being to what his bus'neſs is to *ſave.*
Juſt were thy *Thoughts* and noble thy *deſigns,*
Unfeign'd thy *goodneſs* as unfeign'd theſe *lines,*
Thy Mind *unerring,* and thy judgment *ſtrong,*
Flowing thy *Fortunes* as thy flowing *Tongue,*
Moving thy *voice,* and powerfull was thy *pray'r,*
Deſerving what it gain'd, a *Senate's* care,
VVhoſe upright votes ſecur'd the Nations eaſe,
And learn'd from Thee to *give,* and yet to *pleaſe,*
Ten years, for Peace, the conqu'ring *Prince* had fought,
And *graſp'd* at laſt the Laurels which he *ſought;*
Ten years, the *Nation's* wealth and blood were ſpilt,
Attoning for her own and other's Guilt,
Though now her *antient greatneſs* ſhe revives,
And gains *immortal Honours* for their *Lives.*
The Prince had done what courage could inſpire,
VVhat mightieſt *hands* could act, or *hearts* deſire,

VVhat

VVhat Subjects could deserve, or Monarch shew,
VVhose Realms were *faithfull* as himself was *true*:
The People they with Gifts incessant strove,
Unwearied in their *bounty* as their *Love*,
Millions on Millions chearfully were paid,
To purchase and ensure their promis'd aid,
As their *Obedience* with *His wants* comply'd
And *Duty* gave what *Poverty* deny'd.
Yet more was wanting to our *Peace* restor'd,
The Fruits of what we *gave*, and of His *Sword*,
To fix His *labours*, and our *gifts* compleat,
And make that *Work* as *lasting*, as 'twas *great*.
What Method should they chuse, or Measures take?
One they must *help*, or *t'other* must *forsake*;
Here, *Gratitude* prevail'd for dangers past,
There, *Love* perswaded not to give too fast;
As they divided in Opinion stood,
And weigh'd their *Sov'raign's* honour with their *Country's* good.
When Thou stepst forth for Brittains ease prepar'd,
And speaking, wast *receiv'd* as soon as *heard*,
VVhile listning *Senates* dwell'd upon Thy voice,
And bless'd thy *Tongue*, and made thy *wish* their *choise*,
Which taught 'em wise instructions to receive,
And giving to *enrich*, and not to *greive*.
Yet though thy *deeds* superior to the *praise*
Which *verse* can give, or *Admiration* raise,
Might challenge *Fame*, and *ev'ry Muse* invite
To sing of what should *ev'ry Muse* delight,
Heathcot has Merits which have right to claim
Honours as lasting as shall be thy Name;
Which stand *enroll'd* in vertue's list, and climb
Eternity, and dare the *Teeth* of Time.

And

And if a *Mind* above the common arts
To ſeek our *praiſes*, or to gain our *hearts*,
If actions *undiſguis'd*, and *human* thoughts
Almoſt without the ſtain of *human* faults,
If Godlike *knowledg* for the *Wiſe* may plead,
Or *Modeſty* to Fame's acceſſes lead,
Ages ſhall ceaſe to be, and Time ſhall wear
No marks of what we've been, and what we are;
Remembrance ſhall no more her leav's unfold,
And point us out the Great, the Good, and Bold,
When Truth like his immoveable and ſtrong,
Shall urge no Muſe and ſhall enforce no ſong,
Which down to times unborn his worth ſhall bear,
And make them *practice*, what the preſent *ſhare*.
Oh! Had theſe two their due regards obtain'd,
And vertue compaſs'd what ſhe ſhould have gain'd!
Then had *Auguſta's* choiſe her Juſtice ſhewn,
And ſpoke *their* goodneſs, and reveal'd her *Own*.
Her *Sons* had flouriſh'd, and her *Daughter's* cauſe
Had found *relief*, as they had found her Laws,
Uſeful to Both, accepted by the State,
As her wiſe Members *ſpoke* as well as *ſate*.
But why alas! Do I untimely greive,
And wiſh her bleſs'd, who *bleſſings* won't receive?
Vain are my hopes, though Provident my thoughts,
Auguſta ſtill will have *Auguſta's* faults;
Faction will reign, and *Loyalty* ſubdue,
As *falſe* opinions ſide againſt the *True*,
As Sects and *Heats* to *Meekneſs* we prefer
And they are *beſt eſteem'd* who *moſt* can *err:*

Forgive, Dread Muſe, that I thy Rules tranſgreſs,
And almoſt *curſe* a City which I'd *bleſs*,

That I got looſe from Paths appointed ſtray,
And own no Method, and no Laws obey,
As I from Duty, and my Subject led,
Reprove the *living*, who ſhould blame the *dead*.
Oh! bring me back by thy *reſiſtleſs Force*,
And ſtop my *Progreſs*, and divert my *Courſe*,
As I purſuing *Meaſures* Thou haſt taught,
Make what I *like* my Theme, not what I *ought*.

And lo! I to the Task thou Gav'ſt return,
And ſing thoſe *dead* whoſe *Death* I cannot *mourn*:
Tho *Great's their loſs*, yet *little* are our *Fears*,
And They muſt take my *Verſe* without my *Tears*.
Yonder, behold, the ſad Companions lie,
And ---with *his Inch of Candle* by,
To light 'em thro the *Manſions of the Dead*,
As *dark* as is their *Ruler's* Viſage *red*,
Whoſe *well-fed Carcaſs*, and whoſe *bloated Jaws*,
Shew him not *ſtarv'd*, altho he *ſtarv'd their Cauſe*.
Cloſe by his ſide, beyond Deſcription, lies
An Old *Grey Fox* as *ſinful as preciſe*;
Proud in *his Heart*, yet popular, and low,
The *City's Friend*, becauſe the *Courtier's Foe*.
Two Monarchs had th' audacious Wretch oppos'd,
And feign'd *Religion*, and with *Faction* clos'd,
Prepar'd, and ready, with *Sedition's Herd*,
To caſt his Jealous Murmurs at a *Third*;
Could *Envy* faſten, or could *Malice* feign
A *Blemiſh* in a Mind which knew no *Stain*.
Tho the Good Prince for *Europe's* Freedom born,
Redreſs'd what in *pretence* he ſeem'd to mourn;
Shelter'd from Juſtice his *devoted Head*,
And brought him to a Land from which he *fled*.

Elſe

Elſe he in *baniſhment* had ſpent his time,
And liv'd a *Sinner* in a *Sinful Clime.*
The reſt are ſpread promiſcuous on the Ground,
And the *clapp'd Cit* is levell'd with the *Sound*:
All are alike without diſtinction laid,
And take poſſeſſion of one common Bed.

Yet Means were offer'd, tho thoſe Means were late,
To ſtop the Progreſs of approaching Fate;
And ſome would keep the Company from ſinking
Ev'n at the charge and vaſt Expence of----thinking.
A Merchant came to hold her Drooping *Head*,
And told her he had learn'd to write and read,
And could diſtinguiſh *compound words* from *ſimple*,
Elſe might he never more *encourage Pimple.*
Madam, ſaid He, *in this forlorn condition,*
What think's your Ladyſhip of Co-alition?
'Tis a hard word, 'tis true, and without queſtion
Exceeding difficult for your digeſtion:
But its Effects are good, and Vertues ſure;
'Twill give you health, when nothing elſe can cure.
The ſick Society return'd and cry'd,
The Med'cine's good; I'll have it ſtrait apply'd.
And things had ſoon put on another face,
If He had been *ſincere* as He was *baſe.*
Her COOPER came when call'd to *ſtop her Leak*,
And vow'd he'd Dye next Seſſions but he'd *ſpeak*;
Yes marry would He, 'twas a burning ſhame
Such Fops and Fools ſhould tamper with his Dame.
My Son (ſaid ſhe) *continue thy Repute*;
And if thou'dſt keep the Name thou'ſt got, be Mute;
Leaſt thou be found to leſſen in deſert,
And ſpeaking, *ſhould'ſt be known for what thou art.*

Her *Parſon* came, and in a fright beſaught her
That ſhe would pleaſe to Dye the *Church's Daughter.*
And ſince his *Reverence* had grounds to fear
Her Conſcience was not over-nice or clear,
He begg'd the liberty that he might ſay her
A ſide or two of wholeſome *Common-Prayer.*
And out he pull'd his Book, and fell a reading
Without her leave for any ſuch Proceeding.
Vile Prieſt (ſaid ſhe) *impertinently rude,*
Why am I thus amidſt my pains purſu'd?
Thy Prayers are uſeleſs, and thy Counſels vain;
And nothing comes from thee but what's prophane.
VVhilſt deaf to Friendſhip, and Alliance blind,
No Vows can move thee, and no ties can bind.
As ſwoln with eaſe, and in Opinion great,
Thou ſhew'ſt the Prieſt *in nothing but his* hate.
Go to thy Brother, *further his Repoſe*
And ceaſe to widen *that which thou ſhould'ſt* cloſe:
Then ſhall kind Heavn prevail'd with to reſtore
VVhat thou haſt loſt, give ear, and not before.

More ſhe had ſpoke, but falter'd as ſhe try'd,
And turn'd, and ſtruggled with her Pangs, and dy'd.
So Wizards when their time contracted's ſpent,
And their Commiſſion's void which *Hell* had lent;
With ghaſtly looks amidſt Convulſions fall,
Tho on their Gods for longer life they call.
Fate does its work, nor are the Charmers heard,
But Dye *unpity'd*, who were Living *fear'd.*

FINIS.